

## ORATIO HABITA

IN

Scholâ CHRISTI Orphano-Trophii,

Coram

Illustrissimo Civitatis PRÆTORE,

Dignissimis PRÆSIDIBUS,

Fidissimis THESAURARIIS;

ET CÆTERIS

HOSPITIORUM LONDINENS.

PATRONIS Benignissimis.

SEPT. xxj. 1672.



Percrebuit quidē apud Persas ( Præstantissime Prætor, Senatores Selectissimi, Cives Gravissimi ) & inolevit consuetudo, gestientibus animis & letis Oculis Solem Orientem salutare, & divinā quādam adoratione venerari; Occidenti autem inviti valedicunt, magno ejulatu, luctuque gravi deplorantes.

Quam grata, quamque jucunda Cælo nostro hodiē emittit Claritudo, quæ nostros adeo perstrinxit oculos, ut æquā Noctua ad Solem, Nostra jam omnium ingenii caliget

caliget acies. Vos equidem estis ille Sol, illi Soli  
 Vester in has aedes ingressus, cœu Ortus Solaris Alum  
 vestris irradiat, & hunc lati accipimus; Abcessum  
 tēm, velut Occasum quendam, planctu & lachrymis  
 sti prosequimur.

Gravior quidem Nos Misellos nup̄er invasit mæro  
 dūm intrā hos parietes inclusi & Patronis Nostri Orb  
 ti, contabuiimus. Malè perfectò timebamus, nequid  
 digno futo mali tentatum esset, nequid ab incendio, qu  
 ubique per Civitatem nostram sevivit, infortunii vo  
 acciderit. Ea fuere tempora, quibus omnia luctu &  
 inærore satis completa, ruere & conflagrare per sensim  
 Intonuere Poli, & horrenda cœli facies videbatur. Hi  
 timor, illic fletus & lachrymæ oculis nostris abortiæ, d  
 hoc Edvardi Sexti Regis Charitatis Monumentum, qu  
 nec in hâc, nec in aliis quidē regionibus illustrius  
 veniri potest, cineribus coopertum vidimus. Effluxit ja  
 Octennium, ex quo vobis (dignissimi Viri) debitas  
 tot tantisque Munificentie vestre præmiis grates pers  
 vimus. Nunc autem (quod Deo visum fuit) mala re  
 cesserunt nostra, & meliora nobis arrisere secula, ut  
 fugatâ tandem priorum cladum tempestate, beneficia  
 merita vestra gratis animis decantaturi simus.

Exultant animi præsentia vestra, & Conventus ha  
 jus celebritatem veneramus. Hic dies est, qui Scho  
 nostre in toto anni cursu illuxit ornatissimus, Clement  
 vestre claritudine collustratus.

Jam non solum novum latitia præbuisitis argumentum  
 verum etiam beneficiorum vestrorum memoriam ita ren  
 vâstis, ut gratâ saltē recordatione rependamus. Ecce  
 igitur etiam inter alios hodiè elevatis manibus & flexi  
 genibus gratitudinis nostre victimas vobis oblaturum. Se

Sole non suppetit verborum affluentia, quibus pietatem vestram satis exornarem. Hoc sanè politioris dicendi famulandi dignum videtur, qui concinnos oratione fucos adhibere novit; nam meritorum vestrorum amplitudo viresceat coràm vobis orationem habituri longè superat.

Prorepat tamen loci hujus Genius vos salutatum non viribus suis, sed vestrà fretus benevolentia & candore id effulsit.

Atquè huc decurrit Orationis nostræ finis, ut, cum aliorum factorum Londini memorabilium gloriam expanderint, & dignissima charitatis vestræ indicia prædicarint, ego, cumamvis Oratorum minimus, inopum & Orphanorum Hiominum, qui singulis Hospitiis vestris excepti, indulgentiam vestram degustarunt, gratiarum pignora vobis offeram.

Letamur non parùm hodiè (Patroni benignissimi) quòd vos, qui satis irati Neptuni furorem perpeffi estis, placato Numine ad tutum portum appuleritis. Ecce jam præberrima vobis opulentia præmia manent, liberarum, conjugum, amicorumque letitia, rerum per virtutem artarum secura possessio.

Remordent adhuc priorum temporum infortunia, inhaerent nimis nostris tumefacta quorundam corpora, tot civium cadavera: Quis enim calamitates & Civitatis nostræ vulnera dissimulare queat? Hic multos satis angoribus vexatos licet videre, hos tamen Londini strages & ruinam gemibundâ voce memorantes audiat. Illic istos, quibus, quamvis omnis morum probitas recessit, sese accusantes videatis. Et Nos etiam gemitus conduplicamus nostros, & hujus, quæ olim inter alias Urbes principatum obtinuit, vicem dolemus.

Nec sanè pristinae fortune & vitæ sorditatis obliti sumus.

sumus. Ecce omnes, qui olim ad opem pependam, casulis & sordidioris vitæ statu, satis penuriâ laborantes & miseriis depressi, procedere non erubuiamus, meliorem jam fortunam omnibus ostentare, velut latum spectaculum cupimus. Quàm libere malis succumbentes Almo Mater Londinum allevat? quàm benignè egenos alimur & parentum orbos nutrit? a quibus sanè largum gratiarum proventum sibi met ipsi demessuit. Et si tantæ laudationis messis ab illis, qui vestris olim hospitibus accepti vobis accessura est, quàm quæso ab eis, qui singulæ charitatis vestra tegmine jam latitantes, merita vestra ubique collaudârunt, sperare licet?

Concedite, quæso, mihi veniam ad singula hospitum vestra vobis famulandi. In utrisque & Divi Bartholomæi, & Divi Thomæ miseriarum affatim, nec tam parcio rem gratiarum actionem licet prospicere. Ego Hos citato cursu & alacritate ad sacras aedes, ut vos vobis preces facerent & Deum vobis propitium redderent properantes faciliè videatis; Per magna enim illos refici consolatio, quod nihil, quo cruciatus & angores allevari possint, omnino desit. Reverâ Nosocomium! ubi innumera & deploranda mala, quæ humanis corporibus contingant, oculos conjiciatis. Hic semesa membra, brachia luxata, facies miris modis pallida, viscera variis doloribus afflicta apparent undique; & tamen omnes indulgentiam & misericordiam vestram comprobant, & vos Samaritanos, qui vulnera colligatis, & molle charitatis oleum infunditis, vere profitentur.

Sed non eadem fortasse ab aliis gratia referetur; Ne enim tam humanos tamque compositos expectetis, sed magis moratâ potius salutatione tractemini, & inconcinnas præter tam bonè merenti indulgentiâ gratias demetatis. Hic

quā Bedlam, nil nisi gestus furentes, citatus incessus, capilli intonsi, & gesticulosa manus, videntur. Non tamen minor ad sanam mentem homines revocando vestra micuit pietas. Nec quidem laus vestra supprimenda est, Alii misericordiā commoti, ad mansuetudinem inflectendo, alii non modicum sumptum fecistis.

Nollem autem vagabundos & profugos comites mihi disciscere, qui malè morati juvenantur, & vitiorum face volutantes, vitam in silentio transeunt. Hoc, quod dicitur Bridewell, cane pejus horrent Ergasterion; & tamen Liſtoris coactu appropinquare non recusant. Laudandi estis (Viri spectatissimi,) qui, ne tota Civitas hisce pediculosis verminet, rectè consulitis, atque ita Medicorum instar, malis ubiquè non solum per Civitatem, sed & Rem-publicam totam grassaturis prudenter occurritis. Remittent Spiritus suos aliquandò, & flexis genibus culpam agnoscent, misericordiam vestram supplicantes.

Sed quò tandem præceps feror? Quid ego inter Ne-farios & facinorosos viros tempus contero? Majorem quidem (Patroni candidissimi) ab Alumnis vestris spectetis observantiam. Christi Hospitium hoc vocatis, & illam appellationem jure meretur. Vos verè Patres nostros colimus, quibus omnia vel ad famelicos nostros saturandos ventres, vel ad erummosam nuditatem protegendam necessaria abundè ministrantur, à quibus tanquam à pleniore fonte, quicquid in rem nostram fiet, dimanavit. Estis profectò, fulminante Fortunâ, confugium nobis tutissimum. Quid ergò hodiè non exultemus gaudio, & quovis Apitio beatiores nosmet ipsos, quibus vel ad sanitatem corporis vel salutem Animæ omnia contigerunt, existimemus?

Undique profectò rerum varietate & penuriâ jactamur, & priusquàm auxiliatrices manus porrexerint omnes egestatis misérias experti fuimus. Quàm amcorum Copiæ exiguæ? quàm squallida vestes? quàm pallidæ & macilenta facies? quàm vilis & sordidus victus? Nunc benignior nobis affulsit Deus, nunc Lachrymæ inarescunt, nunc Calamitas, quæ querula semper existit, celeritèr fugit.

Obstupeſcimus sanè (Patroni dignissimi) dùm immensa Charitatis & Benificentiæ vestraë indicia recensere studemus. Utinàm hic ardor ita animos inflammaret nostros, ut per totum terrarum Orbem gloriam vestram & Pietatis optimæ Monumenta predicarem. Quæ restat? nulla erit tam surda posteritas, nulla tam ingrata fama, quæ non in Cælos debitis laudibus vos nofferat.

Agite jam (veneranda Capita, & Patroni selectissimi) satis Munificentia celebritate conspicui) inopum questus vos tangat, & famelicorum preces & vota remordeant. Ecce Feraces nos humo defixistis, qui sanè culturâ vestra pervigemus, longiorem inde vobis, crescentibus annis, accessionem, promittentes; Pergite, quæso, ut cœpistis, facere, & Alumnis vestris eadem, quâ soliti estis, favet clementiâ.

Deus Optimus Maximus consiliis vestris jam aspiret, & Patronis nostris, quoniam nobis non licet, mutuam repondat gratiam & incolumes conservet. Dixi.

Lucas Tymberlake, Orphanus.



# AN ORATION

Spoken in the School of

## CHRIST'S-HOSPITAL

BEFORE THE

Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, the Right  
Worshipful and Worshipful the Presidents,  
the Treasurers, and the rest of the Wor-  
shipful Governours of the *Hospitals* of the  
Renowned CITY of LONDON.

SEPT. xxj. 1672.

May it please your Honour, and this Worshipful Assembly,  
I have heard, that there hath been not long since a *An-*  
*univ*ersary Rehearsal made of those learned Sermons,  
*Preached* before your Lordship, on your Sacred Easter  
Festivals. *A good Way* indeed to whet on the  
minds of the Auditors, and revive those pious Duties,  
which were pressed on them. Mens Memories being  
pertusa dolia, like leaking Vessels, through the rifts  
whereof, the heavenly liquor of Divine Truth is too  
apt to make its passage. Good reason therefore, there  
should be one, that might obviate this defect, and by  
his perswasive Rhetorick charm the Ears of his  
Auditors, and captivate their affections.

But truly, why there should be in this place, on this  
Festival, a Rehearsal Oration, or a Repetition in Eng-  
lish

list of what hath formerly, or now on this day been presented to your Worships, I know not. Only your commands for this present service, must be our Apology. I am sure neither the state of the Matter, nor any Matter of State presented by my Fellow Orphan doth deserve your commendation, or merit your applause. Only we are willing to let you see, how thankful we are to your Worships, while we endeavour to proclaim your Acts of Charity in variety of Language, though in a rude dress, and coarse Complements.

And now behold my Fellow Orphans Genius, if the weightiness of your Affairs will admit him, is ready to present you with a brief Rehearsal of what hath been express'd in Latin, in a home-spun English Stile and Fashion.

Benjamin Waters, Orphan.

Right Honourable, Right Worshipful, and our most worthy Patrons,



It is the custom of the Persians to welcome the morning Sun with grateful acclamations, and pay him the tribute of their early Devotions; but when they see him leaving their Hemisphere, and posting to the Western Indies, their minds are clouded with sorrow, and all their joy sets with it.

What a glorious Constellation hath this day appeared in our Horizon, which lately seem'd black and dismal?

Not



Not one, but many Suns and Stars dart forth their resplendent beams, enough to dazle the eyes of such poor Nothings as we are. You are (Right Honourable) that Glorious Sun, and you (our Worthy Patrons) those glistering Stars which we so admire, and adore, whose appearance this day, revives our Hearts; but the thoughts of your departure, eclipseth our joy, and leaves a damp upon our Spirits.

Too long a Night of sorrow and amazement lately surprized us, while we felt the sharp arrows of the Almighty, and after that were scared by those dismal Flames, that surrounded our Habitations, which made us to conclude, that all our hopes should have had a fatal Burial in those Ashes, before we spied your helping Hands stretched forth for our restauration.

We little thought once to have enjoyed another *Septembers* Festival, to commemorate your Acts of Charity, and pay you the deserved tribute of our gratitude, when we saw this Foundation of our Royal *Edward* reduced to heaps of rubbish; But blessed be God, that hath by the expensive Bounty of you (our Worthy Patrons) once more restored us to a quiet being, and after so long a Parenthesis of eight Years interruption, hath given us the happiness to see our Foster Fathers once more conven'd on this day in this place, whose Building, we that are *Minerva's* Souldiers, do ascribe to that Lovely *Erasmus*, whose Escutcheon proclames him to be a Noble Patron and Worthy Benefactor.

Your presence makes our hearts leap within us, and adds a new lustre and splendour to this place, and by reflection, causeth your Persons to be Glorious, and this Worthy Assembly to be conspicuous.

As

As for us, little Frie, we have ventured in a rude and unpolish'd style to congratulate you, and on our bended knees to offer up the Victims of our Thankfulness unto you, our Patrons, to whom we owe our very Lives and Beings. We want, we confess, words to court your Ears, and language to set forth the Noble Acts of your Bounty, Favour and Benificence. Your Worth, your Gravity, and the veneration of this Assembly do require some sublimer Wit and Fancie to extol them than such a poor Oratour can arrive at, who hath presumed to appear before you this day; yet rather than the Orphans shall be censured as guilty of a Solecism in their behaviour, give me leave I beseech you (Right Honourable) to make an humble rehearsal of your Acts of Charity, and loudly proclaim your Pious Bounty.

I am this day the Poors interpreter, who have desired me to tell you; that your Acts of Piety are well represented by them, and leave a sweet smell in their Nostrials especially in these, who are you Foster Children.

Glad are all the Poor of your several *Hospitals*, that you yet survive, and have escaped that Shipwreck which others suffered in that Inundation of scorching Fire; they still retain a lively sense of Gods revengeful hand, and pity *London* in her Sorrows.

The Lame, the broken Limb, the distemper'd Head, the Macerated Lungs, though roaring under the sense of their present Pain and Torture, can yet fetch a Sigh in remembrance of *Londons* late condition.

The Sturdy Vagrant, whilst he is working at the Mill suffering the just desert of his lewd behaviour, cannot but reflect upon his vitious Life, and with Tears bewail himself, that he hath procured *Londons* Plagues, and added fuel to her Fire.

And truly the Pale Face, the Hungry Belly, the Naked  
 Weak, the helpless Widow, and the out-cast Orphan  
 all redouble their Sighs in remembrance of her past  
 and present Miseries.

As for their own estate, they think it no shame to  
 show the World, that their several conditions were once  
 bad enough, when they were grappling some with tor-  
 renting Pains, and Consumptive Diseases, and others  
 afflicted with pressing Wants and Poverty. But  
 now through the goodness of God and the Piety of  
 your Worships, all tears are wiped from their Eyes,  
 and the sense of Misery quite fled. Ah! happy are  
 they, that are folded in *Londons* imbracements and che-  
 rished in her bosom, whose broken Bones have been  
 set, their Wounds Healed, their Hungry Bellies  
 replenished, their Naked Backs Clothed, all which rise  
 up and call you Blessed.

It is to you (Right Honourable, and our most wor-  
 thy Patrons) that the Poor owe a due Acknowledg-  
 ment of their present succour, and this day desire to  
 pay their Debt unto You. They that view your Hospi-  
 tals of *St. Bartholomew* and *St. Thomas* will tell you,  
 how thankful they are by the language of their tears,  
 and the joyful applause of their lips for your mercy to  
 them. See, how nimble the Cripple strives to foot it,  
 that he may get first to the Temple to bless God for  
 you that have been the only Authors of his Welfare.  
 See *Nosocomium* indeed you see, full of consumptive  
 bodies, and diseased Persons; but yet a *Bethel*, praising  
 God for you, who like good *Samaritans* have bound  
 up their Wounds, and poured in the Oyl of your Cha-  
 rity into them.

As

As for those in *Bedlam*, that have lost their sense and reason, they cannot well distinguish between kindness and severity; nor do they understand, what Morality means. But your Worships do well to lay to them their misery, and spare no cost to reduce them to their former senses. Time may come, when the Organ of their reason is restored, that they may thank you and beg pardon for their incivilities to you.

What you may expect in *Bridewell*, from sturdy Vagrants, I know not; but sure I am, your Care is not less seen in reclaiming the vitiated practices of corrupt men, than in removing the Distempers of weak Nature. The whole City will thank you, that Industrious Arts are encouraged by you, and the habit of idle persons taught how get their living. In this you are highly to be commended, that your Worships like good Physicians, purge the Body Politick from peccant humours, I mean from sturdy Vagrants, who would infest it.

You know how to apply Cathartick Medicines unto those Maladies, which otherwise would prove greenous and infective. And no doubt your Patients will hereafter thank you, when they have learned the Lesson of Industry, which now a severer Discipline extorteth from them.

But whether do I rove and wander? what makes among Vagabonds and uncivil Persons, who are altogether destitute of Morality. Fare them well, as much good may the Lash do those, whom milder Discipline cannot better.

As for us Orphans, we are better taught, in this *Christ's-Hospital*, to prize our worthy Patrons and

oble Benefactors. It is to You (Right Honourable, Right Worshipful, and our worthy Patrons) that we desire this day to pay a larger tribute of Thankfulness. Though we are not able to retalliate Your Bounty, yet our Gratitude shall bear a due proportion to it. You are our Fathers, that daily provide all Necessaries both for Back and Belly for us, whose streams of Liberality overflow their Banks, and swell beyond their Channel. What shall I say? You are the Orphans Hope and Sanctuary in their troubles, whose bounteous Hands have freely relieved our Wants, when we were on every side begirt with fear and sorrow.

Why may not we now boast of our Happiness, and tell the whole City, that we are as well provided for, as the Sons of greater Persons? Nothing truly is wanting to us, that may make us useful in our Generations.

They that view our stately Hall, (thanks to our noble President the worthy Rebuilder of it) our well spread Tables, our wholesome Diet, our convenient Lodgings, our decent Apparel, our Oeconomical Discipline, our Scholastick Literature, whereby we are rendered useful to this City or Foreign Countries, will soon emulate our Happiness, and break out in admiration of Gods goodness, and highly applaud the Piety and noble Generosity of You, our worthy Patrons, whose Heads and Hearts are always consulting our Welfare. As for us Orphans, while we live, we will commemorate your Acts of Charity, and proclaim your Worth throughout the World, who spare no Cost to make this little Nursery to thrive and prosper. And we hope it shall never repent you of your Labour, while you see such young Plants grow and flourish.

Go

Go on, I beseech, most worthy Patrons, as you have begun, and lay the Topstone of this noble Foundation. Let the Widow and the Fatherless see the sweet influence of your native Candour, and taste the sweetness of your Benificence.

God Almighty prosper your Undertakings, and recompence you a thousand fold into your Bosom, and reward all our pious Benefactors, who are so expensive of their Charity to the poor and helpless Orphan.

*Thomas Hanson, Orphan*

---

**F I N I S.**

---

Y  
O  
C  
C  
d  
a  
n  
a